1918

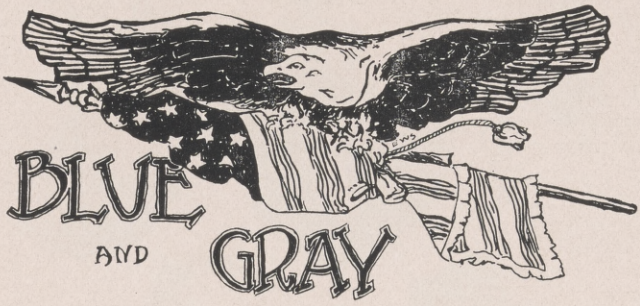
.794

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

DONORS: MARJORIE NEWNAN + IDA FULLER 1-24-1994

Dedication

To those of their fellow students and alumni who have offered themselves for the supreme sacrifice, by going into the service of the United States and her allies, the students of the Mountain View Union High School do proudly and loyally dedicate this issue of the Blue and Gray.


BLUE
AND
GRAY

Mountain View Union High School

1918

FACULTY

M. GRACE ROWE
Domestic Science
Girls' Athletics

W. E. HESTER
Principal
Chemistry

H. RUTH CRANDALL
Arts and Crafts
Drawing
History

JOEL A. SNELL
Mathematics

GRACE LEADINGHAM
History
Spanish
Dramatics

GENEVA JOHNSON
Latin
English
German
Girls' Tennis

RUSSELL MARBLE
Commercial
Debating
Boys' Tennis

BERYL SMITH
Manual Training
Boys' Athletics

MARIE K. MITCHELL
Vice-Principal
English
Music

RICHARD ZEIDLER
Sciences
Agriculture Club

LOUIE BRISEBAT

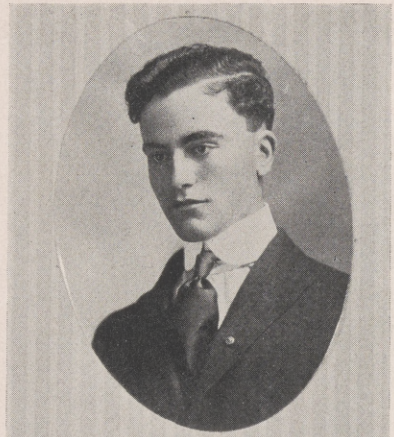
ADA BOOHER
President

CALVIN H. CASE
Sergeant-at-Arms

HAZEL FRIIS
Secretary

EUGENE ADAMS

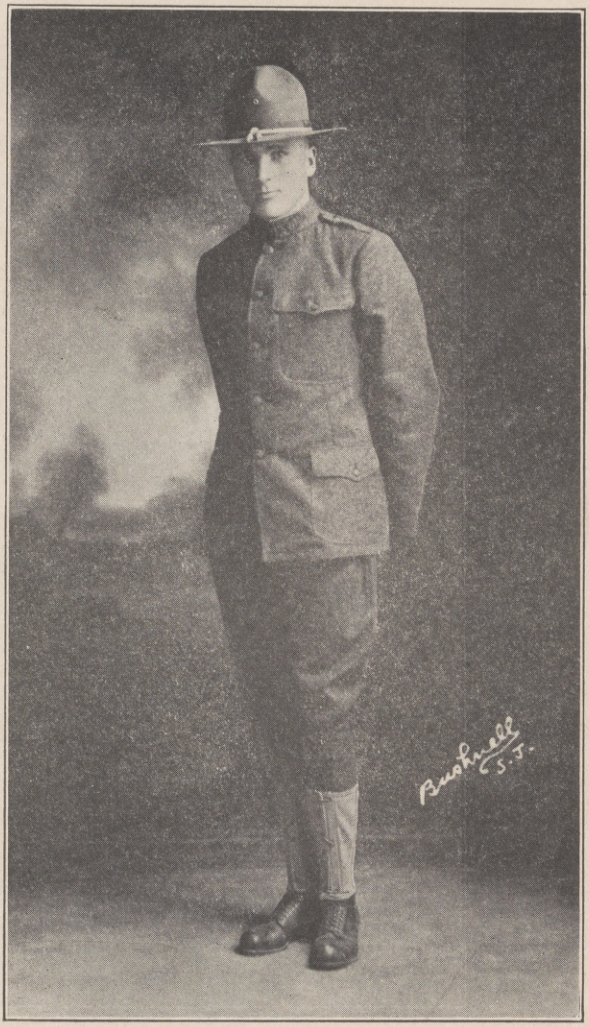
WILMA REYBURN



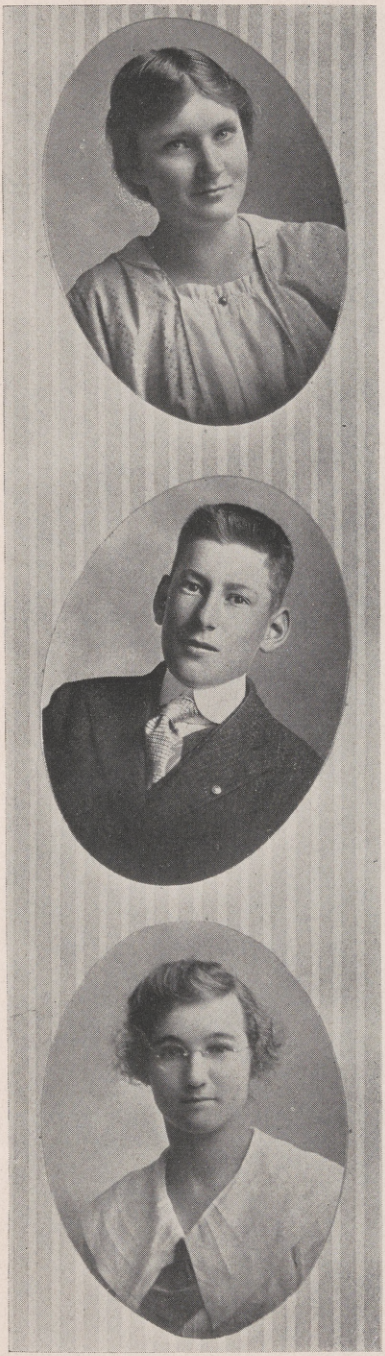
ELIAS MARCUS
Treasurer

CLAUDIA DAVIS

EARL SMITH



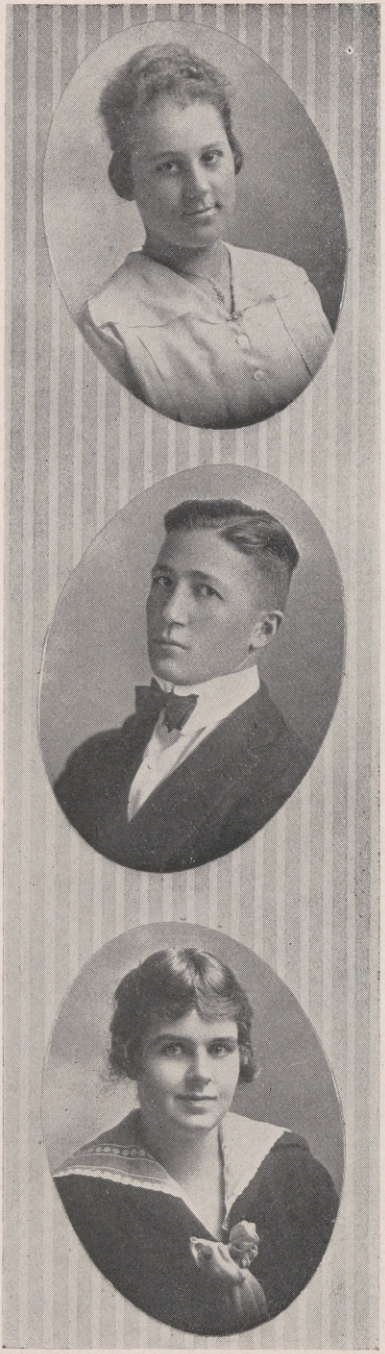
CORPORAL OLIVER M. THOMPSON
Company B, 319th Engineers
Enlisted January 24, 1918



EDNA EDEBURN

RINALDO BIANCHI

DORIS JESS



ELSIE OLSEN

RUSSELL WRIGHT

HELEN CURTIS

GLADYS BERRY

LLOYD HENDERSON

GERTRUDE JOSEPH

In Memoriam

This page is set aside in loving remembrance of one who was prevented by Divine Providence from being with us this year: Mr. J. I. Martin, our former principal, ever earnest, respected, and unswerving in the path of duty.

Six to Nothing

BY ROBERT W. FINFROCK

A DENSE, low hanging blanket of grey clouds slid sluggishly over the heavens. From them oozed a chill moisture which dripped to the ground in a slow, soaking, wearisome drizzle. Over a large open field the clouds seemed to hover more thickly, and move more slowly than elsewhere, as tho loath to leave the interesting sight they saw beneath.

All the way around an American foot ball field crowded a single line of wet bedraggled appearing people standing in the rain. Tense, almost unmoved they stood, watching the field as tho fascinated by the sight of twenty-two tired looking men.

The score was six to nothing in our favor, and against the first team from the capitol of the state. They had come down to play our little town simply for practice, and here we had practically won. Six to nothing in our favor, and only two more minutes to play, with the ball in their territory, near the thirty line, and our possession!

"Third down, two yards to go!" cried the umpire. Our center bent over the ball, the line quickly formed, and the backfields fell into their respective positions.

"Double A formation!" snapped the quarterback, and the backfield shifted quickly into new positions.

"4-55-36-3—14——." The play called for a drop kick. If the kick was successful it would add to our score by three; if not, the ball would go far toward the opposing team's goal. Our backfield taken up and line could down the man with the ball, and the time taken up would not leave time for another play. If our opponents made a touchdown now, it would tie the score, and if they kicked the goal afterwards, it would mean our defeat. The quarter, in giving the ball to our best kicker, believed that he was taking no chances.

Thip! The ball slid into the quarter's hands. Like a flash he ran a few steps to the left, and tossed the ball back to the left half. All looked favorable, when an accident happened. The ball was slippery with mud and rain, as was the ground. The half had stepped forward, and had dropped the ball for the kick, when his left foot began to slip. As he fell, however, he gave the ball a weak punt, which landed it fairly in the arms of the opposing end. Our end had dogged his opponent, and was rushing down the field to clear away the capitol's interference. Our full-back had come up with the line, far in the right half of the field, while the left half, who had kicked the ball, was to take his position. Also our quarter and right half had gone ahead of the line, eager to down the capitol's full-back, who, they thought, would undoubtedly receive the kick if it was successful. Our opponents end had a clear field for a touch-down. All this our fallen half saw. He was the only man who could save the game. He was up in an instant, but already the end was past him, with absolutely no one between him and the goal. And then the race began.

Twelve feet ahead the little end leaped lithely on, flinging mud into the face of the rushing half. On and on up the field they sped, each holding his own. The forty, fifty, and again the forty yard lines they

passed. By the time they had reached the thirty, the dash at which they had started became little more than trot, and the trot, a staggering, sobbing gallop. Our half had gained four feet, and was still eight feet behind.

The twenty yard line dropped back and the ten yard line crept nearer, came even, and slipped behind. The half had gained again, but oh, so little. To his tired mind came a picture. A picture of disappointment to the whole team, and of joy snatched away from the spectators who had stood in this rain to see them win, who had "rooted" and "pulled" with all their strength. And in the center of the picture, he saw himself on whom the wrath would rage. He would be the loser of the game. Already it seemed he could hear their angry voices. He must down that man. Yet he could never leap that seven feet between them in a flying tackle, with the slippery mud under his feet. There almost beneath the feet of the capitol's man, lay the goal line, five yards ahead.

His foot struck something solid. The home plate to the old baseball diamond. He had no time to think nor plan now, but instinctively he knew it to be his only chance. With all the strength left in his exhausted body, he hurled himself head-foremost for the figure before him. Surely he would never make it; his eyes closed, and his arms swept out in an incircling gesture as his body struck the ground flatly, face downward. He had missed. No. His hands felt something in them and closed like a vice. Something struck the ground ahead.

And then an uncontrollable rage, a hatred which he could never explain came upon him. How he hated that person who had brought him to such utter exhaustion, who had almost brought him to disgrace, and who had made at last that maddening pain in his body. He rose, and glared down on the prostrate figure at his feet, and then pity took the place of rage. He was a comrade. He also had run for the game, and had become exhausted, as well as himself. There he lay, flat on the ground, his arms stretched at full length. Beneath his finger tips lay the ball, six inches from the goal line. The man was sobbing exhausted, attempting to rise. The half stooped to help him. What was this? The pain which had caused his anger caught him afresh. He was deathly sick. Voices began to sound around him. In the distance, far, far away, it seemed he heard a long thrilling whistle telling that the last quarter was ended, and then came darkness.

11:55 third period nearly ended. Footsteps heard in lower hall. Atmosphere slightly touched with delightful odors issuing from hall. 11:59 first bell. Long pause. 12:00 second bell. Hall crowded with eager purchasers. Pies, cakes, cookies, doughnuts. 12:10 purchasers renew supplies. 12:20 ditto. 12:30 groans of agony and pain heard in all directions. Tennis courts and benches filled with drooping individuals sprawled in all positions. 12:45 ditto but they are wors off than ever. 12:59 first bell. 1:00 second bell. Classes called. Classes composed entirely of girls. Even so, we admit that we had some feed and were glad to enlarge upon the High School Red Cross Fund.

Alumni

1904

reen, Edward, Teacher.....Aurora, Ore.

1905

evin, Mrs. J. U. (nee Alice Whittemore).....Mountain View

1906

ddatto, Mrs. S. V. (nee Edna Higgins).....San Jose
yer, Willard, Ranching.....Mountain View
arry, Mrs. R. K. (nee Ruby Trubschenk).....Sunnyvale
ubb, John, In Government service.....Traveling in the East
turla, Rose, Teacher.....San Francisco
Vagner, Louis, Druggist.....Mountain View

1907

tkins, Charles, Principal of a school.....Lincoln, Placer Co.
otman, Mrs. (nee May Cushing).....Rio Vista

1908

lbertsworth, Mrs. (nee Barbara Knox).....Tacoma Park, Wash
oodwin, William, Teacher.....Los Angeles
arliepp, William, Army.....Newport News, Va.
sh, Max, with Hardware Firm.....Visalia
sh, Mrs. Max, (nee Henrietta Bar).....Visalia
Newnan, Mrs. C. E. (nee Alice Hill).....Mountain View
hull, Claude, Teacher.....South Lancaster, Mass.
hull, Mrs. Claude, (nee Adeline Chapman)...South Lancaster, Mass.
rait, Mrs. O. (nee Alice Chapman).....Mountain View

1909

Adams, Mrs. E. (nee Agnes Urban).....Palo Alto
Burton, Miriam, Damrosch Institute, studying music.....New York
Dickson, Albert R., Physician.....France
Dickson, Mrs. L. (nee Ysabel Morton).....Portland, Ore.
Wilson, Mrs. Glen (nee Mary Eastwood), Teacher....Mountain View
Frick, Roy, Employed in Mountain View Schools.....Mountain View
Garliepp, Nellie, Employed by District Attorney Free..Mountain View
George, Mrs. Harold, (nee Jennie Cushing).....Oakdale
Goodwin, Mrs. William (nee Rosa Baker).....Los Angeles
Sinz, John, U. S. Steel Co.....San Francisco

1910

Ames, Dan, Forman Paige Automobile Co.....Oakland
Beal, Mrs. C. (nee Helen Evans).....Washington, D. C.
Beall, Mrs. E. (nee Electa Burkett).....Palo Alto
Brightman, Ewart, Wearever Aluminum Co., San Francisco..Oakland
Duernberger, Roscoe, Army.....Fort Logan, Little Rock, Ark.
Duwal, Mrs. Fred (nee Irene Weber).....San Francisco
Herbert, Frank, U, S, Forestry Service.....Los Gatos
Hustler, Mrs. C. E. (nee Catherine Day).....Cananea, Sonora, Mexico
Landis, Mrs. L. (nee Helen Drake)..Pacific Union College, St. Helena
Macrum, Natalie, Teacher.....Los Altos
Mosher, Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe (nee Fanny Distel)....Mountain View
Newnan, Eva, Student, Chicago University.....Chicago

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Green, Edward, Teacher ..... Aurora, Ore.

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Levin, Mrs. J. U. (nee Alice Whittemore) ..... Mountain View

1906

Addatto, Mrs. S. V. (nee Edna Higgins) ..... San Jose
Ayer, Willard, Ranching ..... Mountain View
Barry, Mrs. R. K. (nee Ruby Trubschenk) ..... Sunnyvale
Bubb, John, In Government service ..... Traveling in the East
Sturla, Rose, Teacher ..... San Francisco
Wagner, Louis, Druggist ..... Mountain View

1907

Atkins, Charles, Principal of a school ..... Lincoln, Placer Co.
Totman, Mrs. (nee May Cushing) ..... Rio Vista

1908

Albertsworth, Mrs. (nee Barbara Knox) ..... Tacoma Park, Wash
Goodwin, William, Teacher ..... Los Angeles
Garliepp, William, Army ..... Newport News, Va.
Ish, Max, with Hardware Firm ..... Visalia
Ish, Mrs. Max, (nee Henrietta Bar) ..... Visalia
Newnan, Mrs. C. E. (nee Alice Hill) ..... Mountain View
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Tait, Mrs. O. (nee Alice Chapman) ..... Mountain View

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Wilson, Mrs. Glen (nee Mary Eastwood), Teacher .... Mountain View
Frick, Roy, Employed in Mountain View Schools ..... Mountain View
Garliepp, Nellie, Employed by District Attorney Free .. Mountain View
George, Mrs. Harold, (nee Jennie Cushing) ..... Oakdale
Goodwin, Mrs. William (nee Rosa Baker) ..... Los Angeles
Sinz, John, U. S. Steel Co. ..... San Francisco

1910

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Beall, Mrs. E. (nee Electa Burkett) ..... Palo Alto
Brightman, Ewart, Wearever Aluminum Co., San Francisco .. Oakland
Duernberger, Roscoe, Army ..... Fort Logan, Little Rock, Ark.
Duwal, Mrs. Fred (nee Irene Weber) ..... San Francisco
Herbert, Frank, U, S, Forestry Service ..... Los Gatos
Hustler, Mrs. C. E. (nee Catherine Day) .... Cananea, Sonora, Mexico
Landis, Mrs. L. (nee Helen Drake) .. Pacific Union College, St. Helena
Macrum, Natalie, Teacher ..... Los Altos
Mosher, Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe (nee Fanny Distel) .... Mountain View
Newnan, Eva, Student, Chicago University ..... Chicago

Phelps, Ethel, Teacher.....Philippines
True, Pearl, Pacific Gas & Electric Co., Redwood City. Mountain View

1911

Center, Carrie, Clerk, Frazer's Dept. Store, Palo Alto..Mountain View
Eversole, Mrs. Edward A. (nee Bessie Gwartny).....Ukiah
Frazer, Raymond, Commercial Teacher.....Nampa, Idaho
Gwartney, Mrs. Wallace (nee Joyce Colvin).....Red Bluff
Hoernig, Ottilie, Teacher.....Sunnyvale
Harcourt, Elizabeth, Teacher.....Mountain View
Huntington, Frances, Teacher.....Palo Alto
Job, Martha, Teacher.....Mountain View
Mason, Bernard, Ranching.....Willitts
Morton, Leslie, Pump Business.....San Jose
O'Connell, Frank, Army, Signal Corps.....Texas
Pasaol, Joseph, Managing Gwartney Farm.....Mountain View
Phelps, Delma, Teaching.....Philippines
Rankin, Luro, Illinois University.....Urbaney, Ill.
Swall, Rudolph, Government Service.....New Orleans
Urban, Joseph, Army.....Camp Lewis

1912

Boag, Mrs. W. T. (nee Alice Barnes).....San Francisco
Booher, Ruth, Stenographer, Wiley B. Allen, San Jose. Mountain View
Cook, Phoebe, Teacher.....San Francisco
Corbet, Arlie, Teacher.....Mountain View
Donaldson, Lorna, Teaching Music.....Palo Alto
Mrs. George Center, (nee Henrietta Drake).....Mountain View
Mrs. Reginald Harcourt, (nee Vina Goodwin).....Redwood City
Hagerty, Edith, Teacher.....Woodland
Hagerty, Clara, Teacher.....Klamath Hot Springs
Houseman, Edith, Art Store.....Mountain View
DeWitt, Mrs. (nee Josephine Kelsey).....Yreka
Kensler, Goldie, Teacher.....Ager, Siskiyou Co.
Livesay, Mrs. Paul (nee Louise Hobart).....Palo Alto
Moore, Mrs. Charles, (nee Minnie Rowles).....Mountain View
Moore, Charles, Moore's Furniture Store.....Mountain View
Mosher, Raymond, Stanford University.....Los Altos
Morton, LeRoy, Shipyard.....Portland, Ore.
Norris, Dorothy, Pacific Gas & Electric Co., Redwood City
Mountain View
Roberts, Alice, Pacific Press.....China
Rubald, Mrs. Walter A. (nee Blanch Butler).....San Francisco
Couch, Mrs. (nee Rilda Skinner).....Tacoma, Wash.
Slater, Kenneth, Principal Grammar School.....Mountain View
Stewart, Annette, University of California.....Berkeley
Watts, Wauneta, Trained Nurse.....Mountain View

1913

Booher, Esther, Art Store.....Mountain View
Booher, Naomi, Teacher.....Hughson
Dyer, Henrietta, Teacher near Los Gatos.....Mountain View
Eastwood, Alice, Teacher.....Belmont
Emerson, Ethel, at home.....Mountain View
Freeman, Edna, Teacher.....Sunnyvale
Harcourt, Reginald, Pacific Gas & Electric Co.....Redwood City

Kensler, Clarence, Army.....Presidio
Loucks, Ernest, Lieut., Coast Artillery.....Ft. Funston
Logue, Mary, Teacher.....Dunsmuir, Siskiyou
Martel, Alfred, Lieut., Aviation Sec. Signal Corps.....Texas
Moore, Marguerite, Nurse at Peninsula Hospital.....Palo Alto
Millet, Emma, Teacher.....Lexington, Ore.
Poppleton, Graden, Manager Century Electric Plant...Seattle, Wash.
Poppleton, Glenmore, Army.....France
Pearson, Alice, Bookkeeping for Pearson & Co.....Mountain View
Rogers, Gladys, Farmers & Merchants State Bank....Mountain View
Spalding, Mrs. Charlie, (nee Irene Setzer).....Sunnyvale
Wyman, Ada, at home.....Mountain View

1914

Brubaker, Mrs. O., (nee Madeline Brown).....Los Altos
Dunshee, Mrs. Ray (nee Lola Brown).....Palo Alto
Dermody, James, Sugar Plantation.....Hawaiian Islands
Drake, Ruth, Training for Nurse, U. C. Hospital.....San Francisco
Frazer, Leslie, Ambulance Corps.....Camp Kearny
Freeman, Eldora, Teacher.....Mountain View
Hagerty, Alice, Teacher.....Gazelle, Siskiyou Co.
Hoernig, Florence, Teacher.....Termo
Keagy, Beulah.....Sunnyside, Wash.
Link, Edith, Bookkeeper.....San Francisco
McConnell, Grace, Bookkeeper, Minton Lumber Co....Mountain View
Rogers, Iva, Wilson's Candy Store, Palo Alto.....Mountain View
Razek, Fannie, Stenographer, Palo Alto.....Mountain View
Shobert (Armstrong, Leona) Graduate S. J. Normal..Mountain View
Toft, Alice, Teacher at Purissima.....Mountain View
Wright, Harold, Navy.....San Diego

1915

Cooper, Alva, Stenographer.....San Francisco
Davis, Victor, Aviation Wireless Operator.....England
Dechman, Margaret, Student, College of the Pacific.....San Jose
Frazer, Esther, Student, College of the Pacific.....Mountain View
Garliepp, Marie, Teacher.....Ahwanee
Horton, Helen, at home.....Mountain View
Job, Beulah, Crandall's Art Store, Palo Alto.....Mountain View
Kleckner, Thos., Medical Corps.....France
Koo, Byron, Studying Medicine, Emery University..Atlanta, Georgia
Minton, Harriet, Kindergarten Teacher.....Sunnyvale
Mork, Donald, Army.....Mountain View
Ohmert, Lila, San Jose Normal.....Mountain View
Ranney, Charlotte, in School.....Santa Anna
Simshauser, Mrs. H. (nee Lucile St. John).....Mountain View
Smith, Esther.....La Forte, Plumas Co.
Semino, Angelo F., Army.....France
Wright, Margaret, Commercial Teacher.....St. Helena

1916

Baker, Elsie, Student, San Jose Normal.....Sunnyvale
Barkway, Bonnie, Student, Stanford University.....Mountain View
Gurries, Mrs. F. A. (nee Vera Barnes).....San Martin
Booher, David, Army, Aviation.....San Antonio, Texas
Center, Annie, Student, College of the Pacific.....Mountain View

Couch, Natalie, Private Business College, S. F.....Mountain View
Hyland, Marguerite, Student, King's Conservatory.....Sunnyvale
Holmes, Mildred, Stenographer.....San Francisco
Lawler, Esther, Assistant Post-Master.....North Salt Lake
Lewis, Louisa, at home.....Mountain View
McKean, Donald, at home.....Merced
Moore, Harold, Powell's Grocery Store.....Mountain View
Mockle, Katherine, Bookkeeper in the bank.....Sunnyvale
Oliver, Edith, Student, San Jose Normal.....Mountain View
Parker, Clinton, Working in San Jose.....Mountain View
Regli, Florence, Bookkeeper, McCarthy Cannery.....Mountain View
Rankin, Ernest, Aviation, Signal Corps.....Berkeley
Raines, Henry, Employed in Garage.....Fresno
Ross, Hugh, Clerk, Wabbers Stationery Store.....San Francisco
Skinner, Theresa, at home.....Los Altos
Tompkins, Helen, Student, University of California.....Sunnyvale
Tompkins, Henry, Student, Stanford University.....Stanford
Thompson, Ruth, at home.....Sunnyvale
Trulsen, Ellsworth, Office of McCarthy Cannery.....Mountain View
Zahn, Viola, Student, College of the Pacific.....San Jose

1917

Anzini, Dan, Army, Aviation Corps.....New York
Brunhofer, Alvin, Bookkeeping, Standard Oil Co.....Mountain View
Carrington, Gertrude, Training for Nurse, S.F. Hospital, San Francisco
Davis, Ruth, Student, University of California.....Mountain View
Deardorff, Charles, at home.....Los Altos
Frazer, Willard, Redwine's Garage.....Mountain View
Fuller, Catherine, at home.....Mountain View
Ross, Mrs. Hugh, (nee Alma Hall).....San Francisco
Holden, Myrtle, Bookkeeper at Junction Garage.....Mountain View
Hollis, Pauline, Student, Heald's Business College, S. J.....Sunnyvale
Huff, William, Student, College of the Pacific.....San Jose
Hult, Mildreda, at home.....Mountain View
Ingraham, Mark, at Butler & Briton Hardware Co.....San Francisco
Jess, Alice, Stenographer for Standard Oil Co., S. F.....Los Altos
Martin, Philip, Naval Training Station.....San Diego
McGinnis, Ethel, Student, San Jose Normal.....Sunnyvale
Nichols, Ellen, Student, Pacific Union College.....St. Helena
Nichols, Marion, Redwine's Garage.....Mountain View
Norris, Flora, at home.....Chico
Porter, Georgia, Heald's Business College, San Jose...Mountain View
Reyburn, Eunice, Farmers & Merchants State Bank..Mountain View
Semino, Norma, Student, College of the Pacific.....Mountain View
Swenson, Constance, at home.....Mountain View
Toft, George, Signal Corps.....Camp Fremont
White, Isabel, at home.....San Francisco

Excerpts from a letter from Thomas Kleckner

A BIT of advice, if you must smoke, don't smoke French cigars—you're altogether too frail. Also, if you come to France, bring your lunch with you—unless you eat with the soldiers. For a French cafe serves no bread unless you can show a bread card, and no sugar in spite of your sugar card, and no coffee in spite of your protests, and no water in spite of—I'll not say what. "L'eau est non portable" and "vin rouge et vin blanc" is the universal beverage—or perhaps a bottle of goat's milk if you request it. The vin rouge is like gasoline and hair tonic; the vin blanc is more aristocratic and resembles kerosene with a dash o' quinine. As to the goat's milk—I'll not say, for I could never goad myself into tasting it.

If you want to make a Frenchman your life-long servant, give him a cigaret (how do you spell the word anyway?) If you want to startle him, ask him where you can get a hot bath. It's "ne comprend pas la bain," and if you've substituted French for German in hi school you can correct my French.

I'm going up town ce soir to a little cafe where I have taught the madam how to fry eggs American style. I am going avoir ce menu:

deux eouf friet
du biscuits
de confiture
un boittle de cidre
de pomme de terre friet

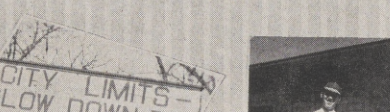
But before I go I wish to describe in a trice la ville into which I shall roam ce soir:

It is a mess of crooked cobble stoned streets covered with tin cans, garbage, green standing water, soldiers in red, soldiers in grey, soldiers in spiral puttees, soldiers in leather puttees, soldiers in pantaloons baggy, soldiers in pantaloons tight, soldiers in caps overseas, soldiers in caps trench, soldiers in grey "Steel Stetsons," soldiers in olive drab "Steel Stetsons," kiddies in clattering wooden shoes rearing and tearing and begging "une sous" and "one pinny" kiddies, Belgian refugees forlorn and in black, old, thoothless women, wooden shod and bent, old men, pipes in mouths and whiskered, sisters of mercy, sisters of charity, ambulances, supply trucks, shrieking little steam engines with funny little freight cars labled 40 hommes or 8 cheveaus, smells, goats, sheep, dogs yellow, dogs white, dogs black, and just dogs—and in the midst of it all—little me wondering what's going on in little ol' M. V.

Yours,

THOS. M. KLECKNER.

CITY LIMITS
SLOW DOWN TO
12 MILES AN HOUR 12



Senior Class Prophecy, '18

WHILE wandering through the woods one day, I came upon a grassy clearing, where I discovered a sparkling fountain. Thirsty and tired, I cupped my hands, drank some of the clear water, and then lay at the base of the fountain to rest. I gazed with a sense of delight and expectancy at my green surroundings and was enjoying a sense of perfect tranquility when I perceived in the distance a grassy road along which came dimly at first but attaining a greater distinctness as they drew nearer, a troop of people, apparently very busy. As they approached me to my surprise I recognized my old classmates. Thinking I would speak to them, I started to rise, but was astonished to find I was unable to move.

The first in line was Gertrude Joseph. She was dressed in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse and was making bandages which she put in a basket that hung on her arm. Time had changed her but little, only making her expression one of deep sympathy.

The next in line were Louis Brisebat and Calvin Case. They were comparing and arguing about food prices. Both were dressed in the height of fashion, swinging gold-topped canes. From their prosperous looks I knew they were great financiers.

A dashing young girl followed next in line. I saw her deep dimple and realized it was Gladys Berry and soon learned that she was married to an army officer.

Then came Earl Smith. He was dressed in the O. D. uniform, that of an officer in the Quartermaster Department.

Elsie Olsen, scribbling in a huge notebook, came next. She looked as mischievous as ever, and her naval uniform assured me that she was a yoemanette.

Eugene Adams followed. He was carrying ponderous books of law, and wore a flowing black robe, plainly showing him to be a judge of the Supreme Court.

A fluffy little girl came next, trying to attain a business-like look. It was Ada Booher. She was checking off telegrams with large Western Union letters on them. I made up my mind to visit her, and see what kind of a telegraph operator she made.

Eighth in line was Rinaldo Bianchi. He wore a mustache, large tortoise rimmed spectacles, and the costume of a Spanish Cavalier. Fate, it seemed, had destined him to be a famous actor.

Along came Doris Jess. Over a many-colored bathing suit she wore a loose cape with a gold medal attached to it. In her high school days she had a great love for water, even trying to float in nearby irrigation ditches, and now was a noted swimmer.

Then came Lloyd Henderson. He carried many queer looking test tubes and was measuring out various colored fluids. When he passed by, these fluids emitted queer odors like gas bombs floating down from the chemistry room.

A chubby figure soon met my gaze. Hardly believing my eyes, I recognized Helen Curtis. She was looking up receipes in a cook-book—something nice for hubby's lunch.

The next in line was Elias Marcus. He carried a medicine case in

one hand, and several letters in the other. Glancing at his name, I saw an unmistakable M. D. after it.

Then with stately step came Claudia Davis. She was deciphering some peculiar looking hieroglyphics and marking certain places on a map. A research worker she was now, I decided, and no wonder, as in high school days there was very little she could not solve.

A retiring girl of fair complexion--Edna Edeburn--came next in line. She was speedily transcribing shorthand notes into legible English. She was making good use of her high school commercial course.

Then came Russell Wright. He was studiously reading a ponderous volume on philosophy, glancing up now and then as if looking for Miss Mitchell, so he could start a rapid fire argument with her.

Last but not least came Wilma Reyburn. She carried a large music roll, and seemed as happy and care-free as the winds. Great musicians think not of the body, but of the soul.

Moving slowly, they passed out of sight, and I was left alone to ponder over the days that were gone, till a gentle breeze arose and by its coolness awakened me. I arose slowly, dividing my attention as I wandered on between the tranquil scenery and the memories of the happy days spent at our old high school.

H. FRIIS, '18

* * *

Class History

FOUR years ago on a September day in 1914, forty-seven young people stood at the beginning of a very long, rough road. Stationed along it, at regular intervals, were places of honor, each place being one year higher than the other. These places were named Sophomore year, Junior year, and Senior year, the starting place being Freshmen year.

The way did not seem long nor rough to us then, so our hearts were light and gay as we started out. Sometimes we were mischievous and flighty and our stern leaders ordered us to keep step, and sometimes we stumbled as we encountered stones on the way. But this was partly smoothed away by a jolly Freshmen reception given by those who were before us, the upperclassmen.

Our freshmen days sped on, made happy by dances and parties, and in September 1915 we safely reached the Sophomore year. Here some of our band left us, but several joined us. Our course was a quarter run and we began to feel proud of our position before an oncoming band of Freshmen. The next course to cover was very stony, but a freshmen-Sophomore party and plenty of dances helped us to forget it, and almost before we knew it, September 1916 had arrived with the Junior year.

In our Junior year many changes took place. We had a new leader, and six new teachers. They changed our course, making us hurry over troublesome snags and keep more perfectly in step. But the road was very stony, almost impassable, and some of the gallant stony, but a Freshmen-Sophomore party and plenty of dances helped Junior-Senior reception, which helped to drive dull care away.

Wishing to have the Class of '18 before the eyes of the public, we chose our class colors, black and orange, and made a beautiful pennant. This was hung in full view between two trees where all who

crossed our path might see it. But life in the air was of short duration for our pennant, as some wily Senior scaled our carefully greased and barbed tree and cut the wire.

September 1917 brought us to the Senior year. Another change had taken place in the teaching staff. Death had claimed our honored leader, Mr. Martin, whose place was filled by Mr. Hester, and we had five new instructors. Again the way was hard. It did not seem possible to reach the end where we could look back over that long, long road. Then a series of events occurred. A reception was given to us by the Juniors which will long be held in our memories. We gave a successful comedy, "The Colonel's Maid." Besides our school work, our Senior days were filled to the brim with war work for our soldier patriots from M. V. U. H. S.

But our Senior goal is reached; Commencement Exercises are near, and the class of '18, eighteen strong, is ready to step from this well-beaten road to paths of sterner duty. Many are the times we have studied into the wee small hours of the morning in defiance of the daylight saving plan, studying for the examinations that were thick and plentiful. But it is with pleasure, not regrets, that we look back over that long road from Freshmen days, and with sadness say farewell to dear old M. V. U. H. S.

H. FRIIS, '18

* * *

The Senior Class Will

WE, the members of the Senior Class of '18, of the Mountain View Union High School, of the city of Mountain View, county of Santa Clara, State of California, being of sound mind, and in full possession of our mental faculties, do hereby publish and declare this to be our last will and testament in manner and form following:

To the Junior Class we bequeath our lofty positions as Seniors with the hopes that they will fill them to the best of their abilities; also our helpful teacher, Miss Mitchell.

To the Sophomores we leave our kindly and jovial dispositions, that they may become quite popular, and our long-envied ante-rooms with the hopes that they will not be troubled with intruding Sophomores of next year.

To the Freshmen we leave our record for good behavior, that they may avoid any interviews in the office, and some of our stored up knowledge in the form of our many history and English binders.

To the school as a whole we leave our efficient and profitable ways of acquiring knowledge.

As individuals we devise and bequeath in the following manner:

I, Claudia Davis, leave my stately and dignified manner to Romaine Clute.

I, Earl Smith, will my sociable ways in Civics class to Lois Prior.

I, Edna Edeburn, bequeath my shy and charming manner to William Geisler.

I, Rinaldo Bianchi, leave my theatrical career and popularity with the "Janes" to Paul Cameron, knowing he will need them in Dramatic Club.

I, Gladys Berry, will my mischievous pranks to Clement Counter

with the provision that he practice them every day.

I, Eugene Adams, bequeath my popularity and several inches of my height to Paul Booher, thinking he may need them as a mighty Senior.

I, Doris Jess, leave my fondness for mud puddles, and irrigation ditches to Inez Allison, that she may become more familiar with their peculiarities.

I, Louie Brisebat, sorrowfully will my ability to flirt with all the girls to Earl McLaughlin, knowing it will help him overcome his bashfulness.

I, Ada Booher, do hereby give my dog-eared book on "Disadvantages of being Short," to Baldo Tutman that he might appreciate his manly height.

I, Calvin Case, graciously leave my art of bluffing the teachers to Delmar Logan.

I, Hazel Friis, do hereby bequeath the joys and sorrows of writing up articles for the **Blue and Gray** to any Junior sadly in need of employment.

I, Elias Marcus, leave a pair of curling irons and some fetching smiles to Loraine Rippey, with the conditions that she use them profusely each day.

I, Helen Curtis, with many regrets, leave my nicknames of Tubby and Chubby to Marie Bianchi.

I, Lloyd Henderson, do leave my studious ways to Charlie Jess.

I Elsie Olsen, do kindly leave my shorthand books and knowledge of domestic arts to Beulah Joseph.

I, Russell Wright, leave my many subjects open to argument to Dorothy Fish, on condition that she use them profusely in English class.

I, Wilma Reyburn, leave my winning smile and good-natured ways to Maude Elkins.

I, Gertrude Joseph, will my desk in the commercial room to Marion Regli.

Lastly, we, the Senior Class of June, 1918, do hereby appoint Miss Mitchell, executive of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this 20th day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

"THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1918"

H. FRIIS, '18

* * *

Ever hear of the evils of treating? No? Well, ask Bianchi,—Rinaldo Jr., that all important, omnipresent Senior; he knows all about it. It's this way: The Seniors had perfected the only system. There were seven boys, one of whom treated every seventh day, or oftener, varying inversely as the amount of lunch brought. After-systematizing it to this extent, it was natural that we should be treated some day by an absent member of our club. And it was to Bianchi we charged it, for, truly, it was his day to treat; that's why he got sick that day and stayed home. Well, we kept it dark for two days, but when President Wright bought Bianchi a wormy "Ruff Neck," things started and also ended, for Bianchi learned about that charged treat and that ordinarily tractable little Senior jumped clear of the traces, and now buys thrift stamps. By the way, we paid for that treat. Ouch!

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The class of nineteen has been lively from its very entrance into high school. It was given a jolly time at the Freshmen reception, but was treated the rest of that year as all "inferiors" are treated by the upperclassmen.

It has had quite a brilliant career this year. The members worked with tremendous zeal and earnestness in the interclass competition in selling Thrift Stamps. Those who take Junior English conducted with great success a Rummage Sale, the proceeds of which (forty dollars) went to the High School War Chest Fund.

They gave a very creditable party in honor of the Seniors toward the end of this year. It was given with the earnest intention of giving the Seniors a really good time.

The boys of this class have always starred in athletics. Even in the Freshman year, some of them made places in the first team of baseball. When they were Sophomores, a larger part of the baseball players were from this class. During this year the Juniors have been dominant in baseball, basketball, and track.

* * *

Do you remember the awful times Mrs. Rummage used to have in that Sunday funny paper? It's really too bad she missed that sale that the Junior English class held. Everything was sold from the mystery package, on up thru tar soap (we never asked Prof. Smith how it agreed with his **Coon** dog), Case's choice collection of combs and hair pins, to the Marlin rifle and Red-cross kewpies. It was a rummage sale like you read about, and netted the War Chest Fund (also a Junior protege) about forty dollars.

* * *

HURRAH FOR '20

THAT Soph bunch doesn't say much, nor does it make much noise (well, I guess we'll take their word for it, but I'd like to find someone whom this Soph could suggest as saying much and making noise.--Ed.) but when it comes to the final showdown, they surely are there! And the girls as well as the boys are certainly lively. Many things can be said (and also, they are!—Ed.) about the Sophomore class, of which no class can possibly be ashamed. Four Soph boys ran off with 14½ points in the P. A. L. track meet, a score which is hardly to be compared with the 6½ points taken by all of the rest of our classes together! In every school activity, the class of 1920 is well represented. Keep it up Sophs!

* * *

You better not mention the lack of spirit around here,—or yes, you might,—that would be the quickest and easiest way of finding differently. During the month of April, as a school, we sold $1,134.-55 worth of Thrift and War Saving Stamps and the Seniors led the sales of $335.95, per capita $18.66. Prof. Joel A. Snell was faculty manager, Calvin H. Case of the class of Eighteen led his Seniors over the line, while Noble Logan directed the Juniors, and Robert Wright and Sylvia Wyman the Sophs and Freshies respectively. This is the contest which was conducted in all schools of the State, as well, on a per capita basis.

* * *

Along this same line,—did you ever happen to hear our "Four Minute Speeches?" You missed the best condensed example of "pep" and patriotism this community has been shown for some time. Of the first contest, on War Saving and Thrift Stamps, Helen Curtis upheld Senior prestige by getting the Certificate of a "Junior Four Minute Man," while in the Liberty Loan contest, Hattie Bowers, a Freshman, won the certificate. You can take our word for it it was no easy victory for either, for our amateur orators are fast outgrowing the "amateur" in their title.

THE FRESHMEN CLASS

Now listen, my schoolmates, if you would hear
The tale of the Freshman,—all so dear.
On September sev'nteenth, in nineteen sev'nteen
Came forth—five Freshmen, so scared and so green
To us were assigned,—each one a seat
Bearing generations of carvings so neat.
We heard all the plans for the coming school year
And all the small Freshies, how they trembled with fear.
For us a reception was given, so gay
With stunts and dread mysteries planned for that day
As the devils and bats and queer clowns did appear
They frightened the Freshie with forboding drear.
And now, all accepted as "sports" we begin
High honor and standing in all work to win;
In tennis and basketball, and baseball in spring
We send out our heroes to bring honors in,
And now at this season, the end of the year
When Commencement and honors are all that we hear
While we grow very proud as our praises we sound
We long to be looked on as Sophies profound.

* * *

The brightest morning in the month of April, the tapping of Mr. Hester's well-used gavel brought to order an assemblage of about one third of the student body—mostly freshmen boys and our feminine colleagues. The reason for the dearth of masculinity? It was, first, the first of April and, second, the opening of fishing season.

BLUE AND GRAY STAFF

CALVIN H. CASE
Assistant Business Manager

EDITH SCHMALING
Girls' Athletics

DOROTHY MELSOME
Art Editor

EUGENE R. ADAMS
Editor-in-chief

HAZEL FRIIS
Senior Class Will, Prophecy, and History

HELEN BAKER
Organizations

LOUIE BRISEBAT
Business Manager

MARION REGLI
Joshes

WILMA REYBURN
Alumni

ROBERT WRIGHT
Boys' Athletics

Editorials

IT was for many years rather an open secret here in M. V. U. H. S., and perhaps you have heard it, that we had the least school spirit of all the schools with which we came in contact. While we do not deny that this may have been so, we point proudly to our record of the past two years. The ways of a school, even as human character, can not be changed materially in a short time as a rule, but we have most certainly changed, and all for the better. But do not get the impression that this was autonomous, for our faculty has done what few faculties can do—interested itself to that extent in school activities that we could do nothing less than follow their stimulus. And the trustees, too, have followed the lead of the teachers, not only with their moral backing but what counts for more—new apparatus both for use on the athletic field and the school room and showed us that our reputation rested with us, that there were no restrictions of any kind on us. As a consequence, we may truly say that , as a school, we have made the most of our opportunities. So, after looking over the past years, and seeing the advantages and results of team work, let us, as loyal students, take to ourselves the responsibility for our school's reputation, and place it where it should be among California's educational institutions.

* * *

Do you know how this book has been made possible? No? You ought to! It has been made possible by certain loyal backers, by this community of ours which indirectly furnishes part of the necessary wherewithal in their attendance at the high school plays. Those whole-hearted business men who have helped our school so much in special activities, our faculty, without whose advice, criticism, encouragement, we should have lacked a school book, and last, but not least, the student body, for this book is a school product, not the product of one class. To all of these the staff wishes to express its most sincere thanks for anything and everything that has been done to further the aims of those of us who have had charge of the annual, for without friendly backing, a school paper is as much of a failure and a sham as can be conceived.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

LOUIE BRISEBAT, President

DELMER LOGAN
1st Vice-President

THELMA NEASHAM
2nd Vice-President

DOROTHY FISH
Sergeant-at-Arms

BALDO TUTMAN
Treasurer

HELEN BAKER, Treasurer

Organizations

THE STUDENT BODY

The Student Body is an organization composed of all those students and members of the faculty who pay the regular dues. This year everyone attending school was a member. Because the old constitution proved inadequate, it was superseded by a modern one, the most important features of which are the use of the Australian ballot system, the election of officers but once a year, and the provision for a general manager for student body affairs.

* * *

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

A Dramatic Club was organized this year, and under the capable direction of Miss Leadingham, presented "Tommy's Wife", a farce very successfully on February twelfth at Swall's Hall. The cast follows:

Tommy, a promising young portrait painter - Robert Wright '20
Rose Carothers, his sister - - - - Thelma Neasham '20
Patty Campbell, a dramatic author - - Genevieve Granger '19
Dick Grannis, Carother's chum, in love with Rose Delmar Logan '19
Mrs. de Yorburgh-Smith, a wealthy society woman
Dorothy Melsome '19
Sylvia, her daughter - - - - - Dorothy Fish '21
Pierre de Bouton, a French Fencing master Samuel Lehrberger '19
Edith Bronson, a friend of Rose, a charity worker Ada Booher '18

* * *

THE SENIOR PLAY

On May sixteenth the Senior Class presented the "Colonel's Maid at Swall's hall, reflecting credit upon the school and upon the director. Miss Leadingham. The cast included:

Col. Robert Rudd, a Northern Widower } mortal } Elias Marcus
Col. Richard Byrd, a Southern Widower } enemies } Eugene Adams
Marjorie Byrd } Not so antagonistic as their } Elsie Olsen
Bob Rudd } respective fathers } Earl Smith
Mrs. J. John Carroll, a widow, Col. Rudd's sister-in-law, Claudia Davis
Julia, her daughter - - - - - - Helen Curtis
Ned Graydon, a young gentleman, memory very faulty, Louis Brisebat
Mr. James Baskom, Col. Rudd's lawyer - - Calvin H. Case
Ching-ah-ling, a most wonderful, impertinent, Chinese cook,
Rinaldo Bianchi

* * *

League of Society Tramps

THE second anniversary of our red letter day, December 11, was even more of a success this year than last. For various and sundry reasons all the boys were especially dressed for the occasion. At noon a most incongruous collection of what might easily have been knights of the road furnished us, first, with a basket ball game and then, with a tomato fight. The front yard was a brilliant spectacle after the free, swift, and stinging distribution of some four or five boxes of tomatoes. The casualty list was long if one were to include all those whose faces and hands were streaming with red liquid.

THE PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

This organization was established by the girls of our school on November first, 1917, with the following officers: Miss Rowe, director; Helen Baker, president; Jessie Garliepp, secretary; and Thelma Neasham, treasurer.

Each girl in this school is a member and all have proved faithful workers.

One clause of the pledge taken by each member reads: "I pledge myself to render whatever special service I can to my community and country." As a part of our special service we have done Belgian relief work. The list of our accomplishments in this line follows.

2 large and 2 small quilts, 1 large box of clothes (used), 7 dress skirts, 1 pair child's velvet trousers, 3 capes, 3 baby afghans (knitted) 15 undergarments, 2 children's garments, 1 complete layette.

Previous to the organization of the Junior Red Cross in the high school, one thousand compresses were made and turned over to the Senior chapter of Mountain View. Since February twenty-first, one thousand one hundred fifty four compresses were made and turned over to the Senior chapter.

The call for delicacies for the Camp Fremont hospital was answered with one hundred fifteen glasses of jelly made by the girls taking domestic science.

Wool for a sweater, thirteen pairs of wristlets, and two helmets was furnished by the committee for the boys of Mountain View in Uncle Sam's service. These articles were knitted by our girls and returned to the committee. The Senior Class furnished wool for a helmet, sweater, scarf, and wristlets which were knitted by the girls of that class and sent to a member of their class in the service.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross was organized February 21, 1918, and every one attending our school is a member. Through this organization the boys are given an opportunity of doing war work. Some of the boys have learned to knit, others have made the knitting needles for their use.

Twenty-three pounds of tinfoil have been collected, five pounds of which were given to the Senior Red Cross.

The Patriotic League now works under the direction of the Junior Red Cross.

Upper: Agricultural Club Lower: Debating Club

AGRICULTURE CLUB

An Agriculture Club was organized by the boys of the high school at the beginning of the term in 1917. The Club is represented by about fifteen members with Mr. Zeidler as their adviser. The boys started on their way by electing E. Marcus, president; Robert Wright, vice-president; and R. Bianchi, secretary. The boys are raising everything on a scientific basis, some taking over their father's fruit trees, while others are raising tomatoes, potatoes, corn, and grain in lots from one to ten acres. Everything is being done by the boys of the Club to raise food and when this paper goes to press everything is favorable to a somewhat larger fruit and vegetable production here as a result of their efforts.

Debating

ALTHOUGH not many of the students went in for debating, those few who did worked hard and showed a lively interest in each one of the three interscholastic debates that took place. Debating requires a good deal of hard mental labor but in the end proves to be very advantageous.

The first debate question was: Resolved: That the United States should adopt the program of the League to Enforce Peace. The affirmative, upheld by David McCullough and Rinaldo Bianchi, lost to Redwood City. The negative, upheld by Beulah Joseph and Elias Marcus, won from Campbell.

The second question debated was: Resolved: That the State of California should adopt the Tax System of the Single Tax. The affirmative upheld by Gertrude Joseph and David McCullough, lost to Santa Cruz. The negative, upheld by Ruth Noll and Dorothy Melsome, won from Redwood City.

The third question debated and, unfortunately, lost by both teams. Resolved: That the State of California should adopt a two-house Legislature. Our affirmative team, Ruth Noll and Elias Marcus, debated with Campbell. Our negative speakers, Dorothy Melsome and David McCullough, gave their arguments at Santa Cruz.

* * *

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra is a regular school organization which meets twice a week. It has furnished music for Assembly, the Woman's Club, interscholastic debates, the two plays, "Tommy's Wife" and "The Colonel's Maid" and Commencement.

The members of the orchestra are as follows: Piano, Gladys Newnan; violins, Edla Neilson, Ida Fuller; mandolin, Hazel Friis; Guitar, Ada Booher; clarinet, Clement Counter; cornets, Verne Lovejoy, Myron Case, Calvin Case, Louis Mays; conductor, Miss Mitchell.

* * *

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club under Miss Mitchell's direction meets twice a week. It is also a school organization for which the members receive credit. The girls have sung for Assembly a number of times, the Parent-Teachers' Association, both plays presented by the school, and Commencement.

The members are: Ada Booher, Helen Baker, Maud Elkins, Hazel Friis, Hattie Bowers, Miriam Levy, Kathleen Logue, Thelma Neasham, Edla Neilson, Gladys Newnan, Loraine Rippey, Lois Prior, Dorothy Wright, Esther McCullough, Madeline Parnow-Morgan.

* * *

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club under Mr. Smith's guidance sang for the Assembly and at the Dramatic Club play.

The members are: Wayne Hawkins, Stanley Hawkins, Baldo Tutman, Robert Wright, Samuel Lehrberger, Robert Finfrock, Eugene Adams, Elias Marcus.

Upper: Basketball Team Lower: Baseball Team

BASKETBALL

AS a unit in physical training is one of the requirements for graduation, and as we have no gymnasium, the girls have both of necessity and of choice given much attention to outdoor sports, especially basketball. They have continually improved, developing speed and accuracy in teamwork. They have developed splendid material for, and have made a success of sports which have been but little played by girls here before. Much talent has been developed and only two of seven games played have been lost, one of those lost being with the College of the Pacific, whose team holds the record of having beaten both Stanford and Mills College. Our girls had never before played on an indoor court, but they put up a plucky fight against odds, and the score can not be called lopsided. The other game we lost went to Los Gatos, and the result might have been

different had not some of our team been disabled. The members of our team were:

Forwards, Edith Schmaling, captain, and Marion Regli.

Centers, Ruth Melsome, touch, and Marie Bianchi.

Guards, Kathleen Logue, manager, and Sylvia Wyman.

Subs, Jessie Garliepp, Alma Collins, Olga Miller, Dorothy Wright, Hattie Bowers, and Helen Baker.

The games follow:

Mountain View 21 vs. Santa Clara 8 at Santa Clara.

Mountain View 18 vs. Los Gatos 37 at Mountain View.

Mountain View 35 vs. Campbell 8 at Campbell.

Mountain View 26 vs. Santa Clara 19 at Mountain View.

Mountain View 25 vs. Morgan Hill 8 at Mountain View.

Mountain View 18 ys. College of the Pacific (Academy Section) 7 at College of Pacific.

Mountain View 18 vs. College of the Pacific 37 at College of Pacific.

* * *

INDOOR BASEBALL

In the latter half of the school year the girls displayed much enthusiasm in indoor baseball, and although not very successful in regard to the scores, they played the game and showed the right spirit.

This has been the first year baseball has been played by the girls of this school, and with the material we now have and the benefit of one year's experience, Mountain View bids fair to have a fine team for next year.

The girls who played in the interscholastic games are: Sylvia Wyman, captain and L. F.; Kathleen Logue, Mgr. and P., Helen Curtis, 1B; Marion Regli, 2B.; D. Formway, 3B.; Dorothy Wright, R. F.; Alice Kenna, C. F.; Olga Miller, C.; Alma Collins, S. S.; substitutes, R. Melsome, M. Bianchi, D. Ehrhorn; and coach, Miss Rowe.

* * *

GIRLS' TENNIS

Toward the close of the term the girls took a great deal of interest in tennis and surprising ability at this enjoyable sport was shown by the girls. Miss Johnson spent much of her time on the courts, coaching the girls, and with her help they progressed very rapidly. The courts were kept busy during the noon hour, the sixth period of each day, and before and after school.

On May eleventh the C. I. F. tournament was held on the Stanford courts. In singles S. Wyman represented us against a Redwood City girl, and altho she lost, showed much promise.

In girls' doubles Dorothy Melsome and Ruth Melsome played against a Palo Alto team, winning one of the sets. The sets were (6-4) (3-6) (2-6), with Palo Alto winning the last two sets.

In mixed doubles Ruth Melsome and Louie Brisebat played a Redwood City team and lost, although they put up a determined fight.

* * *

Upper: Basketball Team

Lower: Track Team

BASKET BALL

BASKETBALL opened the athletic activities for the 1917-1918 season. At first the possibility of a strong team seemed small and the prospects for real players seemed few. But with the aid of our principal and our coach we were enabled to pick a team that fairly represented the school. After losing six straight games, we realized the necessity of a rally,and rally we did, for we ended the season with fifty per cent games won. Although one of our strongest men leaves with the class of 1918, yet we look forward to the opening of the next basketball season with enthusiasm, for our chances for possessing a winning team are far from few. Our whole attitude (and a very good one) seems to be, "Watch us go!"

TRACK

With little or no training we entered the annual P. A. L. track meet held on the Stanford oval, April 6th, and not only captured third place

with little trouble, but easily defeated Redwood, Los Gatos, and San Mateo, supposedly schools with superior athletic ability to that of our school. We undoubtedly have the material to carry off the I. A. U. pennant, this and next year. With this material and with a determination to win, are we not deserving of a better track and set of track equipment?

* * *

THE I. A. U. MEET

We hopped into our machines and were off. The lively purring of our motors seemed to enliven every one of us. A few moments of good driving brought us to San Jose and Reed Field. We jumped out, inspected what seemed to be a satisfactory track, and entered the club house. As we issued from the club house, our air of serious determination toward some end made its impression upon such of the onlookers as noticed us from the half-filled bleachers. The 880 started the meet and a second place brought us three points. Then followed the other events, our first place in the shot put discus, and then after our first in the mile, that deciding ten points in the relay and then—the final score 61½, 52½, 49. But who led? We did, and that substantially!

Not until the purring of our motors ceased at home, did we realize the extent of the impression that we had made, not only upon those at the meet, but also at home, for we had made a name for the Mountain View Track Team.

* * *

TENNIS

An exceptionally large number of students turned out for tennis this season. From the time when the courts have been dry enough to use, they have been in use at all hours by players of all descriptions: amateurs, Freshmen, veterans, and above all, unlimited numbers of girls. According to our best tennis players their failure to bring home laurels from the annual P. A. L. tournament held at Stanford, May 11, was due to the unusually early date set for the contest. Since then by means of continued practice they have proved that they can weild the stringed bat with no little grace and skill. We look forward to the coming I. A. U. tournament as a certain victory for us. Our problem now is this: How are we going to develop these prospects unless we are furnished with the necessary equipment, mainly, two more courts? As we are coming more and more to realize, tennis is the game of games and sport of sports for the high school boy or girl.

* * *

Notice the way we talk of them—all milk and honey, isn't it—but there's a reason. Maybe you have visited school. No? Then you want to do it. Come on up and see how your money goes, if you're a taxpayer, and if not, we're glad to see you anyway. On entering our building, I would advise you to stop and listen, listen carefully. For you can certainly hear it if it's there, and it's much easier on your olfactory center if you don't smell it, for those dear Juniors in chemistry certainly can stir up the loudest odors yet, and that's saying a good deal for a Senior,—for we took chemistry and are proud of it! But these Juniors take the palm, or better, the gas masks.

BASEBALL TEAM

Tutman	Geisler	Marcus	Smith	Smith	Hawkins	Espinosa
1B	CF	LF	Coach	LF	CF—C	Sub
N. Logan		D. Logan	S. Hawkins	Bowers		Brisebat
1B		C—3B	SS	P		P—2B

BASEBALL

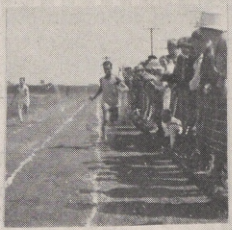
This year we won eleven baseball games out of twenty played. We lose Brisebat by graduation, our most reliable pitcher, a real baseball player. Even so, again our next year's prospects for a winning baseball team seem very bright. With our promised diamond and with the aid of Mr. Smith as well as that of Mr. Hester, our future baseball record looks as though it will be creditable.

* * *

OUR CARNIVAL

On the night of June 6, in Swall's hall, we conducted a very spectacular affair, a carnival, full of fun and frolic, and which was overwhelmingly successful. Half of the proceeds is to help pay for our annual and the other half is to help swell our War Chest Fund. Everybody entered into the spirit of the evening with such good spirit that the pecuniary outcome was almost more than we had hoped for.

The evening opened with a splendid little farce, "The Kleptomaniac," well presented by seven girls. Following the farce there was general revelry and a good time for all. There were several sideshows, the strongest man in the world, the bewitching Mademoiselle Valerie LeRue, the living skeleton, the stoutest woman in the world, and several charming dancers. Kaiser killing was a popular diversion, clowns were prevalent, and confetti was everywhere. The whole affair would never have terminated so successfully had it not been for the clever planning and management of the faculty, Miss Leadingham in particular, tne lively cooperation of the students, and the generosity and good heartedness of the public in general.



FUNNY TICKLERS

Beulah Joseph (in chemistry): "Do you know anything about these black diamonds?"

Mr. Hester: "No, I don't know much about the **black** diamonds. Once I got one of the other kind though—and (blushing) it was a good investment, too."

* * *

VOCATION ? ? ? ?

Miss Leadingham (in U. S. history): "What vocation do you intend to follow in later life, Samuel?"

Samuel Lehrberger: "Married Life."

* * *

Freshman: "What is the criticism of my poetry?"

Senior: "Your meter is not correct."

Freshman: "What?"

Senior: "I mean that the feet don't correspond."

Freshman: "Don't be silly, I gave you poetry, not a picture."

* * *

Mr. Snell (in geometry): "Now, class, watch the board while I run through it."

* * *

L. Mays (in geometry): "Mr. Snell, can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Mr. Snell: "Why, No, Louie."

Louie: "Well, I haven't done my geometry."

* * *

RUSSIAN CZAR

Teacher: "What is the ruler of Russia called?"

Class (roaring): "The Czar."

Teacher: "What is his wife called?"

Class (again roaring): "The Czarina."

Teacher: "Well, what are their children called?"

All was silence and a Freshman in the back seat raised his hand.

Teacher: "Well, what is your answer?"

Freshman: "Czar-dines!"

* * *

Someone in the crowd: "Look at Geisler's nose."

Stan. Hawkins: "That noble nose."

Noble Logan: "Don't use my name in vain."

* * *

Teacher in chemistry: "Tutman, what is your head for?"

Baldo Tutman: "To keep my neckties from falling off."

* * *

Miss Mitchell (in English): "What is dogmatic theology?"

Junior: "The religion of dogs."

* * *

T'was at the Campbell—M. V. U. H. S. Debate

Helen Curtis: "Gee, I'm sleepy."

L. Brisebat: "Huh,—I'm not."

Helen Curtis: "Why, no wonder! You've got a necktie that sure makes enough noise."

CAUGHT

Teacher: "Are you studying?"
Freshie: "Yes-um."
Teacher: "Well, why is your book lying upside down?"

* * *

P. Cameron: "I have played the piano ever since I was four."
V. L.: "That's nothing, I played on the floor when I was a year old."

* * *

An English Paper Heading

English III.
Beulah Joseph.
"Lost"
December 15, 1917.

* * *

Miss Mitchell (discussing a liberal education): "Is his head a cold working machine?"
Student: "Yes, but the machine isn't going."

* * *

The Sophomore's and Junior's all year 'round Sport—
Teasing Cope and Lehrberger.

* * *

Young Lehrberger is Hooverizing. He gathered his pockets full of shavings in the hall——and said he was saving coal.

* * *

Miss Leadingham (in history IV): "Now, one party lost on account of the war. Can you tell us which, Hazel."—(witch-hazel)

* * *

1st. Boy: "Say, do you know that Lehrberger has a new nickname?"
2nd. Boy: "No! What is it?"
1st. Boy "Friday."
2nd. Boy: "Well, what's the idea?"
1st. Boy: Because he's meatless."

* * *

Specks writing to information bureau:
"Why is it when I kiss a girl she always closes her eyes?"
Reply: "Send me your picture and maybe I can tell you."

* * *

Miss Mitchell (in English III): "What are the essential attributes of a lady, Delmar?"
Delmar: "I don't know, I never was one."

* * *

Samuel Lehrberger: "It's too warm in here!"
Miss Mitchell: "You may go and sit by the window if you wish."
Delmar Logan: "Gee! He's so tall I should think there'd be snow on his head."

* * *

Mr. Hester: "Hazel, how many subjects are you carrying?"
Hazel: "I'm carrying one and dragging three."

* * *

Worrying About Her Son

Mrs. Tutman: "Have you detected any signs of genius, Professor?"
Prof: "Madam, I am not a detective."

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